Placed End To End

By T. N. POCKMAN.

ACCORDING to the conservative estimate of a reliable authority, following a lifelong study of the question, if our fair land should be besieged on the East by man-eating Germans, on the South by Mexican hairless frijoles, on the West by hordes of Japanese valets and on the North by Siberian wolfhounds, and if—drawing a new breath—the country's food supply should suddenly give out, fully 73 per cent of the adult white population of the United States could subsist for eleven months and thirty days on our available supply of printed statistics. To say the same in ninety-three less words, Americans eat figures!

We worship figures, for figures *cannot* lie. Off Long Branch, we read, a seven-foot shark was caught at 11 a. m. by three men in a nineteen-foot motor boat, but when we proudly recount the thrilling tale at the supper table it has become an eleven-foot shark caught by seven men in nineteen feet of water off Long Beach.

We crave numbers, whether it be that of the crimson roadster that ran down the aged pedestrian and got away, or the number of soft-shell crabs consumed on a bet by a stout person with a florid complexion. We lie in wait for such monstrosities as a chart showing the fluctuation in the gumshoe market for the last decade prepared by some obscure clerk in Washington. Daily we pore over box scores, while computing batting averages is the sole intellectual effort of millions.

Our whole day is ruined if we do not read in the "Morning Blurb" just how long it took the Presidential candidate's speech to pass a given point, and how many men marched in the pretzel-benders' division of the preparedness parade. It takes all the fun out of reading about an accident if the newspaper has failed to prepare a neat array of previous disasters to show that this one really isn't so much, as calamities go, after all.

Every one of us has known from childhood that if all the telegraph wires of the United States were joined in one continuous strand it would reach—how many times?—around the globe, and that if the members of Congress were placed end to end they would reach from the Battery to Fourteenth Street.

Consider poor Switzerland, inhabited by a simple and home-loving folk. Yet how many times has it not been lifted bodily out of the pink spot it rents on most maps and placed flop right down on long-suffering Texas by some red-haired school teacher! Then with the Alpine republic gasping for breath so far out of its natural habitat, can't you see Miss McFay proceed to throw Bosnia and Herzegovina also into the Lone Star State just to see how much it will stand, aside from border raids? Rotten manners, say we, to manhandle both Texas and the pink, green and heliotrope European countries in such fashion.

Not content to stand by while 69,478 school teachers pick on a stunted country like Herzegovina about its height and weight, some Department of Agriculture proceeds to cast aspersions on its crops, investigating the necessary figures and then placing them in the vulgar proximity of a common table of statistics along with such company as Madagascar and Dutch Guiana. How pained must be the sensibilities of some really splendid thistle crop of Herzegovina!

To get back to the field of heavy reading, who among us would not feel cheated out of our money if our 15-cent magazine did not contain, at least every other month, a comparative view of the navies of the world? So appropriate, too, now, with everybody in the world fighting except old Uncle Sam, it seems. See the huge dreadnought with neatly parted bow-waves representing the might of Great Britain, and all the other sea forces in line growing smaller and smaller, until the last, representing the navy of Hayti, seems such a limp leather pocket edition that one could take it right home with him.

In reverent silence again let us forget to mention the comparative chart of the air fleets of the great powers, in which four or five of those foreigners get pictures of aeroplanes the size of double eagles, while your Uncle Samuel has to be content with a fly speck in the lower right hand dim distance.

But the Grand Prix for endurance must be awarded to the overgrown army of Russia that stands patiently, aye resignedly, at the left of every diagram comparing the standing armies of the universe. What a wealth of pent-up emotion must be hidden behind the expressionless eyes the artist always gives Russia as he boldly holds his ground, looking neither to the right nor to the army of Germany reaching up to his left armpit.

We might digress for a moment, had we a reflective disposition, to point out how all such comparisons are misleading, not to say inaccurate. Suppose, for example, that the army of Ecuador were eight times the size of the land forces of Martinique. The ordinary artist at once draws the Ecuadorable soldier eight times as high as the other and then proceeds to give him broad shoulders, hips and everything, making him in reality sixty-four times as large. No? Well, then, figure it all out for yourself.

However, our interest in the Russian standing army is emotional rather than statistical. There is an air of infinite aloofness, an indescribable attitude of solitude, about the giant figure towering above his pygmy companions in misery, that leads one to wish that the artist would give the big chap a chair and cigar and make his stay comfortable.

In conclusion and in this transition age of maximalism, when all eyes are seeking the elusive dollar, when statistics run amuck, it remains for but one creature in our present-day civilization—and that inhabiting our busiest marts of trade—to remain true to the higher ideals of our Anglo-German-American race and pay mere figures ever on a plane below letters. We refer to the modest stock ticker.

THIS DAY IN HISTORY---*By Rea Irvin*

The First Fly-Paper Factory, Established October 1, 1832.

ARE WOMEN PEOPLE?

By Alice Duer Miller

British Columbia, by a referendum vote, has enfranchised its women.

It is the fourth of the great Canadian provinces to do so.

"What!" exclaimed a descendant of Thomas Jefferson, "Do you allow political liberty to women?"

"Yes," replied a descendant of George III, "we were once taught that 'taxation without representation' is tyranny."

"The New York Times," as usual, is much distressed that an honest change of residence should disfranchise a single voter. It deplores any provision in our election laws that "makes it as hard as possible to vote, instead of making it as easy as possible."

Just our own sentiments.

The editorial is headed: "Punishing the Man Who Moves on May Day."

But is it a punishment to be legally prevented from voting?

When talking to women "The Times" always says it is not a punishment, but a protection.

On September 8, in the United States Senate, Senator Martine, of New Jersey, was tremulously eloquent over something that he described variously as a flagrant, abominable, atrocious and infamous abuse, namely, that a railroad, a public carrier, had had printed on one of its menus a sentence about railroad regulation which the Senator considered a political dogma. By conduct like this the railroads, in the opinion of the Senator, were "prostituting to political purposes the privileges which they have."

Yet last year it was Senator Martine who franked out hundreds of thousands of copies of a pamphlet written by the District of Columbia Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage, which pamphlet he had read into the Record for this purpose.

"But why, oh, why," exclaimed the candidate for Congress, "do you classify me as an anti-suffragist? Did you not hear me say that I approve of the principle? Only I think it ought to come state by state. At present there is no campaign in my state. But please understand I am in favor of the principle. So why do you put me down as an anti?"

"I will explain to you," answered the suffrage canvasser gently. "You see, we have been questioning candidates, classifying them and keeping track of their records for so many years that we have now reduced it to a system, somewhat similar to life insurance tables. For example, that answer of yours is—" She opened her little reference book and fluttered the pages. "Let me see—affirmatives, no. Negatives, no. Ah, here we are. Compromise Answers. Yours is type 7A. 'Type 7A has never been known to do anything helpful, and often works secretly against. After true conversion admits that at time answer was given he was violently opposed.'" She closed the book. "You see why we classify you as opposed."

"But, but, but," said the astonished candidate, "I thought my answer so very original."

The suffragist smiled. "Type 7A always does think so," she answered.

No work on free institutions fails to give us a basic suffrage argument.

On page 250 of President Goodnow's book on "Principles of Constitutional Government" he says:

"To secure the recognition in the law of those substantive rights he (the Englishman) has insisted upon the grant to more and more of the people of the land of the power to control legislation. For through the control of legislation is obtained the power to determine what are his rights."

In old days we used to have the secret suffragist—the woman who sympathized, but did not dare espouse an unpopular cause in public.

Now that suffrage has become popular we have the secret anti—the woman who won't do anything to help, but who enjoys the popularity of saying in public that she is in favor.

THE SECRET ANTI.

When every one talks of suffrage
And most of the talk is pro,
She always says with a fine, wise smile:
"Really, didn't you know
That I'd always been for suffrage?
Hadn't you ever heard?
Dear me, yes. And those opposed,
Are not they too absurd?"

But as soon as the talk is over,
Her faith is over, too;
And if you draw her aside and say:
"What are you willing to do?
Will you work for a day or an hour?
Will you give us the price of a hat?"
She answers, "No, for I'm not, you know,
As much in favor as that."

When the Roses Bloom

Continued from Page Four.

where his mother sat plunged in woe, and then whispered to him:

"Now, call out loud, 'Mother'!"

The little fellow cried out "Mother!" and toddled toward her on his fat legs. She hid her tear-stained face in his blond ringlets, so that she never noticed who had sent her this messenger of consolation.

Now they sat together silently, both hard at work. Work is the best medicine. That was an accepted principle with the old folks, and Renate accommodated herself to the stern rule of the house.

"Mother," she asked, with an earnest, almost imploring, look, "may I pluck all your beautiful roses to-morrow?"

"Yes, child; do so if you wish."

Then they relapsed into silence, each treasuring her own sad thoughts.

The next day was Herbert's birthday. When Father Bolckert drew the curtains, about 4 o'clock in the morning, to find out what the weather was, he saw the young wife in the garden. She had put on a white dress and a white silk jacket over it, for the morning was cool. On her arm she carried a big basket, filled to the brim with roses of all colors, fresh with dew and fragrant, as if they had just come from the Creator's hand.

Now she strode through the garden gate and followed the narrow path which led over the meadows and marshes to the pier on the seashore. The old man was alarmed. Was she going to do something desperate? But his wife laughed at him.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to think such a thing of a woman like her. Let her go. She will do nothing wrong."

So clearly did this simple old woman understand what was passing in the mind and heart of the young and lonely wife, making her way to the shore with her birthday remembrance.

Among blooming thorn hedges and rose trees Renate walked, over pastures in which splendid cows fed on dewy clover, past black-green wheat and lighter-hued rye fields. Here and there lay farm houses and barns, imbedded in the green of their fruit trees, peaceful and smiling in the morning sun. Renate breathed deep and full the fresh salt wind, which told her of the nearness of the sea.

Now came the high, grass-grown pier, and when she stood on it the sea broadened before her gaze—the treacherous, terrible, devouring sea, which had swallowed up what was dearest to her in life. She knew nothing of his fate—absolutely nothing. The aeroplane had not come back. Silence and darkness reigned. Search was in vain. No one made answer. Only the sea murmured its refrain and nobody knew how to interpret that. It echoes only the feeling which we put into it ourselves. To Renate its voice now seemed like the lamentation of a thousand organ choirs.

Weeping, she brought him her roses, throwing them as far out as she could. The ebb tide was setting and carried the gleaming flowers with it far out into the gray, glistening, infinite ocean. Yes, that was fitting. Out there—somewhere—deep in the ocean's bosom—he had found a chilly grave. Perhaps one of the roses would sink far enough to touch his pale brow with a soft caress. From afar off came a dull boom like thunder. There it was again—war, war.

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It was almost a year since the day Renate had scattered the roses from the Holstein pier. Her grief had softened to a placid resignation. Absorbed entirely in her boy's bringing up, she was living quietly in Berlin.

There, late one evening, after the house had been closed for the night, came a violent ringing at the porter's door. Soon the whole sleeping household was awakened by the clamor downstairs.

Renate, roused from her first sleep, heard loud noises in the corridor outside, then a man's voice excitedly demanding admission to her bedroom, and before she could even think whose voice it was some one burst open the door, her old step-father stumbled in, rushed to her bed, grasped her in his arms, and, between laughs and sobs, stammered, again and again:

"You have him back, little girl! You have him back! Be glad, little girl! You have him back!"

When Renate understood—it was almost too much happiness! Through the efforts of a German pastor and of a Danish Lutheran colleague a letter from Herbert had been smuggled through. He had been badly wounded when taken prisoner. Though for months living at the brink of the grave, his vigorous constitution had at last triumphed. His first letters had gone astray or had been confiscated. Now at last he hoped that he had found a sure channel of communication. He was quite well again—so he wrote—and craved news, immediate news.

The old man, who on other occasions was so stiff and embarrassed in the presence of his dignified and elegant daughter-in-law, who never wanted to go to the great city and to whom anything like tenderness was entirely strange, sat on the edge of the bed and stroked the head of the little woman, who, without any shyness, hid her face against his old, loyal bosom and sobbed in speechless rapture.

"My daughter! My dear daughter! Now everything is right again! Now you have him back!"

Thus he comforted her and she finally was able to thank him, whispering softly: "My father! My old father!"

And that she, refined and dignified lady as she was, spoke these words in his own Holstein dialect—that sounded sweeter to him than anything else in the world.

A few mornings later Renate went into the garden, brought back all the roses she could find and filled Herbert's room with them, until every nook and corner was radiant with their color and fragrance. Now it was spring again, and the roses which bloomed for her were roses of gladness and hope.